

Fals. I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him, before his day: what neede I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, 'tis no matter, honor prickes me on: yea, but how if honor prickes me off when I come on? how then? can honor set to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in surgery then? no: What is honour? a worde: what is in that worde? honor: what is that honour? a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday, doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard, The liberall kinde offer of the king.

Ver. T'were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vnder one.
It is not possible: it cannot be
The king should keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in other faults,
Supposition, al our liues shall be stucke full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherish't and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters:
Looke how we can, or sad, or merily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish't, still the neerer death.
My nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuledge,
A hair-braind Hotspur govern'd by a spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

We as the spring of all shall pay for all:

Therefore good coosen, let not Harry know,
In any case the offer of the king.

Enter Hotspur.

Ve. Deliu'r what you will, ile say t'is so. Here comes your coose.

Hot. My vncl is return'd.

Deliu'r vp my Lord of Westmerland.

Vncl, what newes.

Wor. The king will bid you battel presently.

Doug. Desie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, goe you and tell him so.

Dou. Ma'ry and thal and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I tolde him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oth breaking, which he mended thus

By now forswearing that he is forsworne,

He call vs, rebels, traitors, and will scourge

With haucie armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Douglas.*

Dou. Arme, gentlemen, to armes: for I haue throwne

A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,

And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,

Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight,

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay vpon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to day,

But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,

How shewed his talking? seemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule I neuer in my life,

Did heare a challenge vrg'd more modestly,

Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare,

To gentle exercise and prooffe of Armes.

He gaue you all the dueties of a man,

Trim'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,

Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,

Making you euer better then his prayse,

By still dispraising praise valued with you,

And which became him like a prince indeed,

He